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SCHILLER.

WE conceive it to be one of the noblest functions of a paper like ours, to call the attention of our readers to the merits of those who have most essentially contributed to create, in the mind of man, a more exalted love for the Beautiful, the Sublime, and the Divine.

Such a one was Schiller. Coleridge felt it, and gave an evidence of his feeling by his magnificent translation of Wallenstein. Bulwer followed Coleridge's bright example. Thomas Carlyle, more magnanimous still, conferred an immense benefit upon the Anglo-Saxon world, by writing, in a most noble vein of thought, the Life of the Teuton Bard. Of our own poets, the illustrious Bryant paid the most fervent homage to his German brother in feeling and thought, and the fact which inspired Bryant's muse was really as poetical as the spirit which pervades it. The fact is related by Bryant himself, as follows: "Shortly before his death, Schiller was seized with a strong desire to travel in foreign countries, as if his spirit had a presentiment of its approaching enlargement, and already longed to expatiate in a wider and more varied sphere of existence."

"Tis said when Schiller's death drew nigh,
The wish possessed his mighty mind,
To wander forth wherever lie
The homes and haunts of human kind.

"Then strayed the poet, in his dreams,
By Rome and Egypt's ancient graves;
Went up the New World's forest streams;
Stood in the Hindoo's Temple-caves;

"Walked with the Pawnee, fierce and stark,
The sallow Tartar midst his herds,
The peering Chinese, and the dark
False Malay, uttering gentle words.

"How could he rest? even then he trod
The threshold of the world unknown;
Already, from the seat of God,
A ray upon his garments shone;—

"Shone, and awoke the strong desire
For love and knowledge, reached not here,
Till, freed by death, his soul of fire
Sprang to a fairer, ampler sphere.

Mrs. Ellet's work on Schiller is also a fine evidence of the capabilities of the American mind to appreciate the ideal tendency of German thought; the lady has shown, too, in some of her criticisms, great womanly sagacity, especially in her holding up to the admiration and emulation of the lady-world, the character of Queen Isabella, the consort of King Philip II. of Spain, a character, the beauties of which were, it would seem, of too delicate and spiritual a cast to arrest, in the same degree, the attention of gentleman writers. The late Alexander Everett, the highly gifted brother of the Hon. Edward Everett, also enriched the American and English Schillerianæ with a most excellent essay, on the life and writings of the German poet. In the third volume of Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature, a most valuable work, published under the editorship of the high-toned and accomplished George Ripley, we find some of the select poems and ballads of Schiller most beautifully translated; "The Ideals," by George Bancroft, "The Division of the Earth," by O. P. Cranch,

and about thirty more translated by the Revs. William H. Channing, Frederic H. Hedges, N. L. Frothingham, Charles T. Brooks, James F. Clarke, and a few others.

It is a most cheering sign of the times, to see so many ministers of Christ holding up, in this manner, as an example to their constituents, the glowing humanity of a Christ-like poet like Schiller. Schiller was a devoted lover of mankind; he loved to see mankind *happier*. Listen to his song "To Joy," (the same song which inspired the musical genius of Beethoven).☞

"Joy, thou brightest heaven-lit spark,]
Daughter from the Elysian Choir
On thy holy ground we walk,
Reeling with ecstatic fire.
Thou canst bind in one again
All that custom tears apart;
All mankind are brothers, when
Waves thy soft wing o'er the heart.

CHORUS.—"Myriads, join the fond embrace,
'Tis the world's inspiring kiss;
Friends, yon dome of starry bliss,
Is a loving Father's place.

"Who the happy lot doth share,
Friend to have, and friend to be—
Who a lovely wife holds dear—
Mingle in our jubilee!
Yea, who calls *one* soul *his own*,
One on all earth's ample round;
Who cannot, may steal alone,
Weeping from our holy ground.

CHORUS.—"Sympathy with blessings crown
All that in life's circle are,
To the stars she leaps us, where
Dwells enthroned the great Unknown.

"Joy on every living thing
Nature's bounty doth bestow,
Good and bad still welcoming;—
In her rosy path they go.
Kisses she to us has given,
Wine, and friend in death approved;—
Sense the worm has;—but in heaven
Stands the *soul* of God beloved.

CHORUS.—"Myriads, do you prostrate fall?
Feel ye the Creator near?
Seek him in yon starry sphere:
O'er the stars he governs all.

"Joy impels the quick rotation
Sure return of night and day;
Joy's the main spring of creation,
Keeping every wheel in play.
She draws from buds the flow'rets fair,
Brilliant suns from azure skies,
Rolls the spheres in trackless air,
Realms unreach'd by mortal eyes.

CHORUS.—"As his suns, in joyful play,
On their airy circles fly,—
As the knight to victory,
Brothers, speed upon your way.

"From Truth's burning mirror still
Her sweet smiles th' enquirer greet;
She up Virtue's toilsome hill
Guides the weary pilgrims feet;
On Faith's sunny mountain wave,
Floating far, her banners bright;
Through the rent walls of the grave
Flits her form in angel light.

CHORUS.—"Patient, then, ye myriads, live!
To a better world press on!
Seated on his starry throne,
God the rich reward will give.

"For the Gods what thanks are meet?
Like the Gods, then, let us be;
All the poor and lowly greet
With the gladsome and the free;

Banish vengeance from our breast,
And forgive our deadliest foe;
Bld no angulish mar his rest;
No consuming tear-drops flow.

CHORUS.—"Be the world from sin set free!
Be all mutual wrong forgiven;
Brothers, in that starry heaven
As we judge, our doom shall be.

"Joy upon the red wine dances;
By the magic of the cup
Rage dissolves in gentle trances,
Dead despair is lighted up.
Brothers, round the nectar flies,
Mounting to the beaker's edge,
Toss the foam off to the skies!
Our Good Spirit here we pledge!

CHORUS.—"Him the seraphs ever praise.
Him the stars that rise and sink,
Drink to our Good Spirit, drink!
High to him our glasses raise!

"Spirits firm in hour of woe—
Help to innocence oppressed—
Truth alike to friend or foe—
Faith unbroken—wrongs redressed—
Manly pride before the throne,
Cost it fortune, cost it blood—
Wreaths to just desert alone—
Downfall to all falsehood's brood!

CHORUS.—"Closer draw the holy ring!
By the sparkling wine-cup now,
Swear to keep the solemn vow—
Swear it by the heavenly King!

Schiller's "Words of Faith" have been translated by William H. Channing, as follows:

"Three words I utter, of priceful worth;
They are the wide world's treasure,
Yet never on earth had they their birth,
And the spirit their depth must measure:
Man is ruined—poor—forlorn—
When his faith in these holy words is gone.

"Man is *Free* created,—is free—
Though his cradle may be a prison;
Mobs are no plea for tyranny,
Nor rabble bereft of reason.
Fear not the free man; but tremble first
Before the slave, when his chain is burst.

"And *Virtue*,—Is Virtue an empty sound?
Man's life is to follow her teaching;
Fall as he may on the world's rough ground,
To the Godlike he still may be reaching,
What never the wise by his wisdom can be,
The childlike becomes in simplicity.

"And *God*, in Holy, Eternal Love,
Reigns, when Humanity falters;
Through limitless being his energies move;
His purpose of good never alters;
Though changes may circle all matter and time;
God dwells in the peace of Perfection sublime.

"Oh trust in these words of mightiest power;
They are the wide world's treasure;
Through ages they've been man's richest dower,
And the spirit their depth must measure,
Never is man of Good bereft,
If his faith in these holy words is left."

But his love of Good and Humanity, far from weakening, only tended to strengthen his love of Art.

If our space did permit, we should be happy to repeat here the whole of his noble hymn to "Artists." We have only room for a few stanzas:

* * * * *
"O happy ye—of millions the few—
Whom she hath blessed, her holy work to do;

Within whose breast she deigns to set her throne,
And through whose lips she makes her mandates
known;

Who, ever watchful, tend her holy altars,
Whose bright, up-streaming flame ne'er falters—
Your eyes alone her unvel'd beauties see;
Ye wait on her, a choice fraternity!
Enjoy ye, then, the honorable place,
To which high order lifts you here!
In the Exalter's spirit-sphere
Ye ever were the foremost of the race!

* * * * *

The dignity of man
Into your hands is given;
O, keep it well!
With you it sinks, or lifts itself to Heaven!
The poet's holy spell
But serves a world's well-ordered plan;
Soft may it lead unto the sea
Of the great Harmony!

* * * * *

On bold wing seek a loftier sphere
Above your narrow time-career,
That on your mirror clear may dawn
From far the coming century's morn.
O'er all the thousand winding ways
Of rich variety
Meet ye at last, with glad embrace,
Round the high throne of Unity!
As into seven softer hues
Shivers the silvery beam of light;
As all the seven rainbow hues
Run back into the dazzling white;
So round the swimming eyes of Youth
With all your glancing witcheries play;
So flow into one bond of Truth
Into one stream of perfect Day.

Besides the influences disseminated by these and some other American contributions to the Schiller literature in the shape of essays and translations, those influences emanating from our educational institutions, where German is taught, and Schiller's thought is brought home to the minds and hearts of the student,—next claim our attention.

Especially in Massachusetts has the impulse which Carlyle and Emerson have given to the taste for German literature, born noble fruit. In the schools, we fancy that the technical study of the grammar and pronunciation is more attended to, than the study of the thoughts of the best German writers. This is the weakness of the system. But a thorough study of the German literature might do real good. It would bring the American mind into closer contact with the mind of the master-thinkers of Europe. However, what the schools fail to accomplish, is, in many instances, done at home. At last are many of the ladies of New England fondly devoted to this species of mind ennobling-study, and, to effect the purpose more efficiently, they have, in many places, organized German clubs, where they meet several times a week.

But, hitherto, Goethe was too much the all-omnipotent idol. Not that Goethe, because he was less pure and humane than Schiller, should be read less; only that Schiller, because he was more pure and humane than Goethe, should be read more. Goethe, as a mighty champion of the head, will forever command the admiration of mankind. But Schiller, as a lovely champion of the heart, will be found more and more worthy of the affection of humanity. We do not wish to crush Goethe out of the schools. But we should like to see Schiller

received more generously. The age requires Schillers more than Goethes. To our mind, Goethe typifies a christianized Greek; Schiller a christianized Hebrew. The one follows the impulse of his brains, and philosophises about Heaven and Earth; the other does the will of his Heavenly Father, and loveth Heaven and Earth. The one leads us to the worship of our brain, to the adoration of ourselves; the other leads us to the worship of God, and to doing good to our fellowmen. Goethe's animal nature not being sufficiently controlled by his spiritual nature, his brains were, in turn, intoxicated by all deities, because his heart had not sufficient power to concentrate his intoxication upon the worship of the *one* Deity.

But Schiller possessed a rare supremacy of spiritual nature, or moral element; with him the heart was on fire, but the head was calm; and, while his intellect bowed before all the capabilities of the Genius of Man, his heart taught him how this genius has to be made subservient to the spiritual elevation, to the improvement, and, hence, to the happiness of man and the glory of God. He looked upon Nature, Art, Literature, Science, Statesmanship, Religion, not as deities in themselves, to be worshipped absolutely, but as branch deities in the service of the one great Deity; as all means to *one great end*: to the end of diminishing the sufferings, the ignominies of man,—to the end of promoting the happiness, the elevation of man. And this great end he loved it so conscientiously, that his love for the means by which it is to be attained, grew in enthusiasm as he advanced in years, and herein lies the particular claim of Schiller upon the attention of mankind; and herein, too, lies his moral superiority over Goethe.

We have already quoted from his hymn to "Artists," if our space did permit we might also quote from his hymn to "Merchants," "Sailors," "Politicians," his songs to "Woman," to "Genius," to "Music," to "Dance," to "Science," to "Poets," to show how powerfully this loyalty to the one great spiritual aspiration of his soul, pervaded every one of his thoughts, and inspired every one of his words. He saw that every laborer on earth had his appointed task to perform, and like a devoted mother, who equally loves all her different children, Schiller loved all the different laborers, and, as the mother says to her children in her motherly way, "Become honest men," Schiller said to his laborers in his poetic way, "Become noble members of humanity." The freedom for which Schiller pleaded, was a freedom based upon religion and virtue. The culture which he advocated was a culture, based upon the most comprehensive sense of the Beautiful and the Divine.

With Ruskin's perception of the Beautiful, Schiller combined Channing's idea of the Religious. We could fancy Schiller making a pilgrimage to Rome, to embrace Michael Angelo, but he could not rest there; hot from the embrace of the great Artist-Soul he would hurry on to Calvary, and his enthusiasm for Angelo, he would embody in the flowers of gratitude, with which he would beautify the sepulchre of Christ. We find Schiller writing celebrated essays on the *Æsthetical Education of Man*, and we find him addressing a celebrated song to "the gods of Greece;" but again he brings his worship of the Beautiful upon the altar of

the Divine; he takes Pindar's empyrean hymns, and Arion's music, and the stories of Phidias, and carrying them all upon the hallowed mount, he writes his "Three words on Faith." He sings the glory of the Poet, the Painter, the Sculptor, he sings the glory of the lofty artist-soul, who dwells in these earthly valleys; but he dedicates his song to the Author of the Sermon on the Mount.

But we must guard ourselves against this sort of writing, lest it might weary our reader. Moreover, we have no wish to deal so much with generalizing assertions and comparisons. Having set our heart upon making a beauteous soul like Schiller's more popular with our ladies, our artists, our scholars, our ministers, our thinkers, in our schools and lyceums, we would rather we had space and time to authenticate every one of our views of his character, by some quotation of his writings, or some fact of his life. Nor did we, in our comparison with Goethe, wish to disparage the genius of the giant-minded writer. But we cannot help thinking that the world is full of cold, calculating, despotical brain-fever. Full of would-be Goethes. The age, the fine arts, the literature, the religion, the humanity of the age—yearn for some wholesome movement of the heart. The advent of the would-be Schillers we shall hail with hosannas of delight; Goethe standing more in relation to humanity to the world *as it is*, and Schiller more to the world *as it should be*, it is perfectly natural that Goethe should be appreciated first and Schiller last. But would it not be very desirable that it should be otherwise? Not that we should set up Schiller as a paragon of perfection. He has weak points in his nature, and published some very weak things. His physical nature was not as strong and vigorous, as his emotions were intense and soaring. Hence, many discrepancies, many tendencies to idealize too beautifully in times of prosperity, to give up too gloomily in times of calamity. *Before* the French Revolution, he was too apt to think man everywhere capable of self-government. But *after* the French Revolution he was too inclined to think man altogether incapable of self-government. A handful of monsters like Marat and Danton are as little argument *against* the virtues of self-government, as a handful of Schillers and Tennysons are arguments *in favor* of Royalities. Base natures will always drag down high ideas to their own low level. So it was with Christianity, so it is with much of our modern arts and politics. But the Marats die on the Guillotine,—while the great ideas they have polluted, come out intact of the ordeal, and the only philosophy to be drawn from it is, that it requires noble minds to carry out noble ideas. But Schiller was too much of an idealist to be a philosopher, and he did not see so much in the French Revolution—an explosion of the basest passions of the uneducated rabble, provoked by the basest passions of the educated rabble—as a historical evidence of the necessity of the perpetuation of monarchies. These feelings are expressed in a poem addressed by him to a friend, on the first day of the present century—the 1st January, 1800.

"Dear friend, when shall Freedom and the peaceful Arts find on earth henceforth a dwelling place? The old century departs, roaring

and crashing, and the new one opens with scenes of murder.

"In the hallowed sanctuary of the heart alone, is there refuge for you from the storms of life. Freedom reigns but in dreams, and sits on Fancy's throne, while the Beautiful is only known in song."

Somewhat of the same feelings may be realized by the poetic minds and artistic souls of America, on beholding the ferocity of the political contests of our own days. But it is not the less a great weakness. A sort of æsthetic cowardice. Suppose a surgeon should run away because he cannot bear to see the sufferings entailed upon his patient by the operation which he has suggested? The artists and the poets, who stand shudderingly aloof, because the ideal operations which they have planned and suggest for Humanity, produce so much of suffering and of loathsome convulsion in their practical execution, are pretty much in the same predicament with our oversensitive, over-tender hearted, runaway surgeon.

We cannot help blaming Schiller for this lack of vigor; but we do not find so much fault with him on account of the exaggerated sentimentality with which some of his earlier dramas, as "The Robbers," "Intrigue and Love," are said to teem.

We are fully aware of the havoc which these tragedies have made in the back kitchens of Germany. Kathrinchen and Lieschen cried most bitterly, and their tears mingling with the water on the floor which they had to scrub, presented a semi-domestic, semi-poetical scenery, full of dirt and romance. But really the harm did not go much farther. And, considering the hard lot of servant girls and poor sempstresses, we thought it perfectly delightful, and very generous on the part of Schiller; that there should be one or the other tragedy especially calculated to enlist their sympathy. While feeling for the sorrows of the romantic robber—Charles Moor—they may perchance have been drawn away from their own sorrows; and as for their falling in love with robbers in general through an admiration of the abstract principle of robbery, there was very little danger, as robbers, whenever they appear in concrete, are not very attractive specimens of humanity.

Yet a great many, who pride themselves on their intellectuality, think it derogatory to their mental reputation to express admiration for a writer, whose lot it was, perhaps, to please some very lowly, as well as some very lofty persons. "How can you expect me to admire a poet who wins the admiration of my maid Rosine? Would this not be very unintellectual?" asked Lady Goethias Roxbury. And so reason our modern literary pharisees, while the real fact is; that for thousands, who have sufficient of moral anarchy to court coquetry with Goethe, there is only one with sufficient nobleness of heart to court acquaintance with Schiller. We do not mean to deny that "The Robbers" is objectionable, but it was his *first* production, tainted with the bitterness of his early struggle in life, and should be criticised with indulgence accordingly.

Of "Intrigue and Love," many critics spokelighly. Amongst others Schlegel,

who says, "it will hardly move us by its tone of overstrained sensibility, but may well afflict us by the painful impressions which it leaves."

But listen to Thomas Carlyle: "Our own experience has been different from that of Schlegel. In the characters of Louisa and Ferdinand Walter we discovered little overstraining: their sensibility we did not reckon very criminal; seeing it united with a clearness of judgment, chastened by a purity of heart, and controlled by a virtuous resolution, in full proportion with itself." We cannot help thinking that our theatrical managers are not sufficiently conscious of the great dramatical power and effect of "Intrigue and Love," "Fiesco," "Don Carlos," "Maria Stuart," "The Maid of Orleans," "William Tell,"—especially "Fiesco" and "Don Carlos." "Fiesco" is a young nobleman of Venice, who conspires against the Doge, for the purpose of vesting the power in his own hands; but amongst his co-conspirators are some who do not conspire for their own sakes, but for the sake of Republicanism. One of these, old Verrina, imitates Brutus, and rather than see Fiesco making selfish political capital out of the successful conspiracy, he stabs him, and returns to the allegiance of the old Doge. The tragedy is full of thrilling incidents. A daughter of Verrina is seduced by a profligate nephew of the Doge, and doomed to imprisonment by her own father, until the blood of her seducer has atoned for his crime. Fiesco's wife, Leonora, who, out of anxiety, rushes into the battle-field on the outbreak of the rebellion, is killed by her own husband, by mistake. The venerable old Doge, Andrea Doria, the romantic individuality of Fiesco, the poetical, the sentimental Leonora, the iron-hearted republican Verrina, are the prominent characters; the tragedy is full of exciting action and pathetic scenes, and we have no doubt would be very favorably received in our popular theatres.

The same applies to "Don Carlos." Here Schiller introduces us to Spain, and to the revolt of the Netherlands. On the one hand the stern tyrant, King Philip II., bent on subduing the Netherlands; on the other the glowing enthusiast, Posa, bent on achieving their emancipation. With the political incident is interwoven Don Carlos's love, for his stepmother, to whom he was engaged, when state policy made her the consort of his father. The Jesuits of the 16th century; the cruel Alva; the commander of the Armada against Elizabeth; the great Inquisitor of Spain are unfolded before us, like so many great historical tableaux, glowing with life, and rustling over with poesy. The tragedy is full with throbbings of the great events of the 16th century. The shades of Columbus and Luther hover almost upon the stage; and Philip, revealing in the power which the discovery of new worlds with new gold gave to Spain, begins to tremble under the reformatory ideas which Protestantism has introduced. Strongly, majestically is the gloomy Philip drawn by Schiller, yet tenderly, humanely. Schiller, like Shakspeare, had too much gentle humanity in his own heart, not to find one or the other redeeming feature in the heart of even the most selfish and cold-blooded tyrant. We find that a very talented reviewer of Motley's History of the Neth-

erlands in the *Christian Examiner* (we believe) rejoices that Mr. Motley has unriddled Schiller's romancing about Don Carlos, and Goethe's about Egmont.

Mr. Motley, as an historian, is very correct in stripping his heroes of every tinge of romance; but Schiller and Goethe, as dramatists, are equally correct in investing their heroes with every possible tinge of romance. Suppose Mr. Motley should give us next a history of Denmark or Scotland, and prove that the romantic Hamlet was nothing but a commonplace Danish filibuster, and the ambitious Macbeth nothing but a brutal Scotch miscreant, would this interfere in the remotest degree with our admiration of Shakspeare and his creations? For our part we rejoice that poets exist, to give us a somewhat more interesting view of human nature, than our matter-of-fact historians. Goethe was no idealist, yet he gives us a very fascinating idea of Egmont. The historian destroys our illusion,—Egmont was nothing but an egotist, idler, and fop. It is bad enough to put the worst constructions upon the lives of the living, but it is still more gratuitously malignant when applied to the dead. To drag the poor Egmont, who died, after all, for his country's, for Freedom's, for Humanity's sake, out of his grave, to moralize upon him in this hard manner, is in very bad taste to say the least of it.

We subjoin one of the most interesting passages of "Don Carlos," where Posa, the enthusiast, greatly to the astonishment of King Philip, scorns the idea of becoming the servant of a prince. The ideas of Posa apply as well in 1856 to King Mammon, or King Mob, or King Cottonplanter, as they applied three hundred years ago to King Philip. Names and forms have slightly changed in the interval; but the principle is about the same now as then.

DON CARLOS.

Extract from ACT III. SCENE X. The King and POSA.

POSA. The servant of a prince
I cannot be.

[*The king looks at him with astonishment.*]

I will not cheat my purchaser;
If you deign to take me as your servant,
You expect,—you wish my actions only;
You crave my arm in fight, my thought in counsel;
Nothing more you will accept of: not my actions,
But the approval they might find at Court,
Becomes the purpose of my use. To me
Right conduct has a value of its own:
The happiness my king through me would prize
I would myself create; and conscious joy,
And free selection, not the force of duty,
Should impel me. Is it thus your majesty
Requires it? Could you suffer new creators
In your own creation? Or could I
Consent with patience to become the chisel,
Where I hoped to be the statuary?
I love mankind; but in a monarchy,
Myself is the end of love.

KING. This true warm zeal
Is laudable. You would do good to others;
How you do it, patriots, wise men think
Of little moment, so it be but done.
Seek for yourself the office in all my realms,
That will give you scope to gratify
This noble aim.

POSA. There is no such office.

KING. How?

POSA. What the king desires to spread abroad
Through these weak hands,—is it the good of men?
That good which my unfetter'd love would give them?

Pale majesty would tremble to behold it!
No! Policy has fashion'd in her courts
Another kind of human good; a sort
Which she is rich enough to give away,
Awakening with it in the hearts of men
New cravings, such as it can satisfy.
Truth she keeps coining in her mint,—such truth
As she can tolerate; and every die
Except her own, she breaks and casts away.
But is the royal bounty wide enough
For me to will and work in? Must the love
I bear my brother pledge itself to be
My brother's jailer? Can I call him happy
When he dare not think? Sire, choose some other
To dispense the good which *you* have stamped for us.
With me it tallies not; a prince's servant
I cannot be.

KING. [Rather quickly.] You are a Protestant.
POSA. [After some reflection.] Sire, your creed is
also mine. [After a pause.] I find

I am misunderstood; 'tis as I fear'd.
You see me draw the veil from Majesty,
And view its mysteries with steadfast eye:
How should you know if I regard as holy,
What I no more regard as terrible?
Dangerous I seem, for bearing thoughts too high:
My king, I am not dangerous: my wishes
Lie buried here. [Laying his hand on his breast.]

The poor and purblind rage
For innovation, that but aggravates
The weight o' th' fetters which it cannot break,
Will never heat my blood. The century
Admits not my ideas: I live a citizen
Of those that are to come. Sire, can a picture
Break your rest? Your breath obliterates it.

KING. No other knows you harbor these ideas?
POSA. Sire, no one.

KING. [Rises, walks a few steps, then stops opposite
the Marquis. Aside.]

New, at least, this dialect!
Flattery exhausts itself: a man of parts
Disdains to imitate. For once let's have
A trial of the opposite! Why not?
The strange is oft the lucky. If so be
This is your principle, why let it pass?
I will conform; the Crown shall have a servant
New in Spain—a liberal!

POSA. Sire, I see
How very meanly you conceive of men;
How in the language of the frank, true spirit,
You find but another deeper artifice
Of a more practised cozening! I can also
Partly see what causes this. 'Tis men;
'Tis men that force you to it: they themselves
Have cast away their own nobility,
Themselves have crouch'd to this degraded posture;
Man's innate greatness like a spectre frights them,—
Their poverty seems safety; with base skill
They ornament their chains, and call it virtue
To wear them with an air of grace. 'Twas thus
You found the world; thus from your royal father
It came to you: how in such distorted
Mutilated image, could you honor man?

KING. Some truth there is in this.

POSA. Pity, however,
That in taking man from the Creator,
And changing him into *your* handiwork,
And setting up yourself to be the god
Of this new-moulded creature, you should have
Forgotten one essential; you yourself
Remain'd a man,—a very child of Adam!
You are still a suffering, longing mortal,
You call for sympathy, and to a god
We can but sacrifice, and pray and tremble.
Oh unwise exchange! Unbless'd perversion!
When you have sunk your brothers to be play'd
As harp-strings, who will join in harmony,
With you the player?

KING. [By Heaven! he touches me.]
POSA. For you, however, this is unimportant;
It makes you separate, peculiar;
'Tis the price you pay for being a god.
And frightful were it if you failed in this!
If, for the good destroyed of millions,

You the Desolator should gain—nothing!
If the very freedom you had blighted
And killed, were that alone which could exalt
Yourself!—Sire, pardon me, I must not stay;
The matter makes me rash: my heart is full,
Too strong the charm of looking on the one
Of living men to whom I might unfold it.
[After a pause] I feel, Sire, all the worth—
KING. Speak on!

Y' had something more to say.
POSA. Not long since, Sire,
I chanced to pass through Flanders and Brabant,
So many rich and flourishing provinces;
A great, a mighty people, and still more
An honest people!—And this people's Father!
That, thought I, must be divine; so thinking,
I stumbled on a heap of human bones.

[He pauses; his eyes rest on the King
who endeavors to return the glance, but
with an air of embarrassment is forced
to look upon the ground.]

You are in the right, you must proceed so.
That you *could* do which you saw you *must* do,
Fills me with a shuddering admiration.
Pity that the victim wel'ring in its blood
Should speak so feeble a eulogium
On the spirit of the priest! That mere men,
Not beings of a calmer essence, write
The annals of the world! Serener ages
Will displace the age of Philip; these will bring
A milder wisdom; the subject's good will then
Be reconciled to th' prince's greatness;
The thrifty state will learn to praise its children,
And necessity no more will be inhuman.

KING. And when, think you, would these blessed ages
Have come round, had I recoiled before
The curse of this! Behold my Spain! Here blooms
The subject's good, in never-clouded peace:
Such peace will I bestow on Flanders.

POSA. Peace of a churchyard! And you hope to end
What you have enter'd on! Hope to withstand
The timeless change of Christendom; to stop
The universal Spring that shall make young
The countenance o' th' Earth? You purpose alone
In all Europe, singly, to fling yourself
Against the wheel of Destiny, that rolls
Forever its appointed course; to clutch
Its spokes with mortal arm! You may not, Sire!
Already thousands have forsook your kingdoms,
Escaping glad, though poor: the citizen
You have lost for conscience' sake, he was your noblest.
With mother's arms Elizabeth receives
The fugitives, and rich by foreign skill,
In fertile strength, her England blooms. Forsaken
Of its toilsome people, lies Grenada
Desolate; and Europe sees with glad surprise
Its enemy faint with self-inflicted wounds.

[The King seems moved; the Marquis ob-
serves it; and advances some steps
nearer.]

Plant for eternity, and death the seed?—
Your harvest will be nothingness. The work
Will not survive the spirit of its framer;
It will be in vain that you have labor'd;
That you have fought the fight with nature;
And to plans of ruin consecrate
A high and Royal lifetime. Man is greater
Than your thought. The bondage of long slumber
He will break; his sacred rights he will reclaim.
With Nero and Busiris he will rank
The name of Philip, and—that grieves me, for
You once were good.

KING. How know you that?

POSA. [With warm energy.] You were.
Yes, by th' All merciful. Yes, I repeat it,
Restore to us what you have taken from us.
Generous as strong, let human happiness
Stream from your horn of plenty, let souls ripen
Round you. Restore us what you took from us.
Amid a thousand kings become a king.

[He approaches him boldly, fixing on
him firm and glowing eyes.]

Oh, could the eloquence of all the millions,
Who participate in this great moment,
Hover on my lips, and raise into a flame

That gleam which kindles in your eyes!
Give up this false idolatry of self,
Which makes your brothers nothing! Be to us
A pattern of the Everlasting and the true!
Never, never, did mortal hold so much,
To use it so divinely. All the kings
Of Europe reverence the name of Spain:
Go on in front of all the Kings of Europe!
One movement of your pen, and new-created
Is the Earth. Say, but let there be freedom!

[Throwing himself at his feet.]

KING. [Surprised, turning his face away, then
again turns towards POSA.]

Singular enthusiast! Yet—rise—I—

POSA. Look round, and view God's lordly universe:
On Freedom it is founded, and how rich
It is with Freedom! He, the great Creator,
Has given the very worm its native dew-drop:
Even in the mouldering spaces of decay,
He leaves free-will the pleasures of a choice.
This world of *Yours*! How narrow and how poor!
The rustling of a leaf alarms the lord
Of Christendom. You quake at every virtue;
He, not to mar the glorious form of Freedom,
Suffers that the hideous hosts of evil
Should run riot in his fair creation.
Him, the maker, we behold not; calm
He veils himself in everlasting laws,
Which, and not Him, the skeptic seeing, exclaims,
"Wherefore a God? The world itself is God."
And never did a Christian's adoration
So praise him as this skeptic's blasphemy.

KING. And such a model you would undertake
On Earth, in my domains to imitate?

POSA. You, you can; who else? To th' people's good
Devote the kingly power, which far too long
Has struggled for the greatness of the throne.
Restore the lost nobility of man.
Once more make of the subject what he was,
The purpose of the crown: let no tie bind him,
Except his brethren's right, as sacred as
His own. And when given back to self-dependence,
Man awakens to the feeling of his worth,
And freedom's proud and lofty virtues blossom,—
Then, Sire, having made *your* realms the happiest
In the Earth, it may become your duty
To subdue the realms of others.

* * * * *

Such were Schiller's ideas about Freedom.
"The Maid of Orleans," "William Tell,"
"Mary Stuart," "Wallenstein," are too
well known too call for any explanation on
our part.

Schiller's admiration of Shakspeare is
manifested by his brilliant translation of
"Macbeth," and Racine he also honored,
by introducing "Phèdre" to the German
stage. Of Schiller's prose writings, the
History of the Thirty Years' War, and of
the Revolt of the Netherlands, occupy a
distinguished place. To give an idea of
Schiller's power in drawing characters, we
give his sketch of the character of the Prince
of Orange:

"William of Orange was one of those lean
and pale men, who, according to Caesar's words,
'sleep not at night, and think too much,' and
before whom the most fearless spirits quail. The
calm tranquillity of a never-varying countenance,
concealed a busy, ardent soul, which never ruf-
fled even the veil behind which it worked, and was
alike inaccessible to artifice and to love; a ver-
satile, formidable, indefatigable mind, soft and
ductile enough to be instantaneously moulded
into all forms; guarded enough, to lose itself in
none; and strong enough to endure every vicis-
situde of fortune. A greater master in reading
and winning men's hearts, never existed than
William. Not that after the fashions of courts,
his lips avowed a servility, to which his proud
heart gave the lie; but because he was neither

too sparing, nor too lavish of the mark of his esteem, and thro' a skillful economy of the favors which mostly bind men, he increased his real stock in them. The fruits of his meditation were as perfect as they were slowly formed; his resolves were as steady and indomitably accomplished, as they were long in maturing. No obstacles could defeat the plan, which he had once adopted as the best; no accident frustrated it, for they all had been foreseen before they actually occurred. High as his feelings were raised above terror and joy, they were, nevertheless, subject, in the same degree, to fear, but his fear was earlier than the danger, and *he was calm in tumult, because he had trembled in repose.* William lavished his gold with a profuse hand, but he was a niggard of his moments. The hours of repast were the sole hours of relaxation, but these were exclusively devoted to his heart, his family, and his friends; this the modest deduction he allowed himself from the cares of his country. His household was magnificent; the splendor of a numerous retinue, the number and respectability of these, who surrounded his person, made his habitation resemble the court of a sovereign prince. A sumptuous hospitality, that master spell of demagogues, was the goddess of his palace. Foreign princes and ambassadors found here a fitting reception and entertainment, which surpassed all that luxurious Belgium could elsewhere offer. A humble submissiveness to the government brought off the blame and suspicion which this munificence might have thrown on his intentions. But his liberality secured for him the affection of the people, whom nothing gratified so much as to see the riches of the country displayed before admiring foreigners; and the high pinnacle of fortune on which he stood, enhanced the value of the courtesy to which he condescended. No one, probably, was better fitted by nature for the leader of a conspiracy, than William the Silent. A comprehensive and intuitive glance into the past, the present, and the future; the talent for improving every favorable opportunity; a commanding influence over the minds of men; vast schemes, which only when viewed from a distance, show form and symmetry; and bold calculations, which were wound up in the long chain of futurity; all these faculties he possessed, and kept, moreover, under the control of that free and enlightened virtue, which moves with firm step, even on the very edge of the abyss."

But we must forego the pleasure of pointing to many other beauties in Schiller's writings. It is the prerogative of our country to receive representatives from all the nationalities of the world. Germany is justly accused of a vast deal of unhealthy feeling,—this, however, is the result of the oppressions practised upon her people, and the delinquencies of the clergy. But, while shunning all the obnoxious features, we trust it will be the end and aim of all of us to pluck from Germany, as well as from all other countries, those noble fruits of thought, which, if the seers are more diligent here, may gradually develop amongst our people, that love for the Beautiful, without which, arts cannot flourish, without which civilization cannot advance.

Schiller was one of the noblest champions of the Beautiful of this or any preceding century.

We shall conclude by giving an extract of his work on the "Æsthetical Education of Mankind:"

"The artist, it is true, is the son of his age, but pity for him if he is its pupil, or even its favorite. Let some beneficent divinity snatch him, when a suckling, from the breast of his mother, and nurse him with the milk of a bet-

ter time, that he may ripen to his full stature beneath a distant Grecian sky. And, having grown to manhood, let him return, a foreign shape, into his century, not however to delight it with his presence, but dreadful, like the son of Agamemnon, to purify it. The matter of his works he will take from the present; but their form he will derive from a nobler time, nay, from beyond all time, from the absolute unchanging unity of his nature. Here, from the pure ether of his spiritual essence, flows down the Fountain of Beauty, uncontaminated by the pollutions of ages and generations, which rule to and fro in their turbid vortex far beneath it. His matter caprice can dishonor as she has ennobled it; but the chaste form is withdrawn from her imitations. The Roman of the first century had long bent the knee before his Cæsars, when the statues of Rome were still standing erect; the temple continued holy to the eye, when their god had long been a laughing stock; and the abominations of a Nero and a Commodus were silently rebuked by the style of the edifice, which lent them its concealment. Man has lost his dignity, but Art has saved it, and preserved it for him in expressive marble. *Truth still lives in fiction, and from the copy the original will be restored.*

"But how is the artist to guard himself from the corruptions of his time, which, on every side, assail him? By despising its decisions. Let him look upwards to his dignity and his mission, not downwards to his happiness and his wants. Free alike from all the vain activity that longs to impress its traces on the fleeting instant, and from the discontented spirit of enthusiasm, that measures by the scale of perfection, the meagre product of reality, let him leave to common sense, which is here at home the province of the actual; while he strives, from the union of the possible with the necessary, to bring out the ideal. This let him imprint in fiction and truth, imprint it in the sport of his imagination and the earnestness of his actions, imprint it in all sensible and spiritual forms, and cast it silently into everlasting time."

But we would not only commend to our friends the study of the Writings and the Life of Schiller, because he was an enthusiastic lover of the Beautiful, but because his love of the Beautiful was steeped in Faith, and baptized in love of Humanity. As Madame de Staël remarks in her great work on Germany,—the glory of her glorious life:—"Schiller's muse was conscience."

RAPHAEL.—"Nay," said Monaldi, "Raphael is one whom criticism can affect but little either way. He speaks to the heart, a part of us that can never mistake a meaning; and they who have one to understand should ask nothing in liking him but the pleasure of sympathy."

"And yet there are many technical beauties which an unpractised eye needs to have pointed out."

"Yes, and faults, too; but his execution makes only a small part of that by which he affects us. But had he even the color of Titian, or the magic chiaroscuro of Correggio, they would scarcely add to that sentient spirit with which our own communes. I have certainly seen more beautiful faces; we sometimes meet them in nature; faces to look at, and with pleasure, but not to think of like this. Besides Raphael does more than make us think of him,—he makes us forget his deficiencies—or rather supply them."—Allston's Monaldi.

PRIVATE PATRONAGE OF ART, however commendable or liberal, can no more supply the want of general encouragement, than the conservatories and hot-beds of the rich, the want of a fertile soil or genial climate.—Fuseli.

SISTER ARTS.

ALL designate the arts as sister Arts,—an undisputed acknowledgment of their consanguinity,—and shall we not call them the Wards of Beauty, and happy in such guardianship? All men, tender in their sensibilities, general in their sympathies, warm in their emotions, are worshippers of Beauty, either of form or of application, and appreciators by nature mostly, and further by knowledge. Accordingly, the genuine admirer of Beauty, perceives it as much in the work of the chisel as in that of the pencil, and in the combinations of the gamut, as well as in the verse of the poet; and, moreover, proficiency in the pursuit of the one enhances his natural aptitude for the other. We all know how the one art of Michael Angelo and Da Vinci run into the other. In enumerating the acquirements of Giotto, which shall we place first, Painting, Sculpture, or Architecture? Allston, Trumbull, Cole and Read, among our own artists, pay, or have paid, equal allegiance to the muses of literature. Take, for example, the description which Mr. Combe gives of a great artist, and we cannot alter it to make it suit the poet, the painter, and other artists individually, better than it suits them all collectively. He says—"to form a great artist, then, the first requisite is a fine constitution of brain, and an active temperament; the second is the development of the organs of all the propensities and sentiments, to confer on him a sympathy with, and a keen experience of all human passions and emotions; the third is an adequate endowment of all the artistical organs; the fourth, an ample endowment of the organs of the brighter intellectual faculties; the fifth, an adequate knowledge of every branch of science, which reveals the structure, qualities, and expression of the objects which he aims at representing;—to all of which must be added, a thorough acquaintance with the practice of his art." Of course the reader is left to perceive that with such qualifications it only needs the possessor to decide in what art he shall acquire the requisite manual dexterity and practice to become a great artist in that department. It would not be true, nor just to deny an artist high rank because he does not run his art into the limits of a cognate one, certainly, for there was Mozart, as Mr. Combe remarks, who owns an undisputed position as a musician, but, nevertheless, owing to a lack of a broad and general mental development, was possessed of no propulsion towards the plastic arts. On the other hand, there were such as Da Vinci, whose artistic propensities knew no sectional bounds. Barry observes of the history of architecture in Greece and Italy, that it affords continual proof that all the great inventors, restorers, and improvers of it were, as might naturally have been expected, painters or sculptors. In discoursing of architecture, De Staël and Goethe assimilate another art, when they speak of it as frozen or petrified music. The author of Cinq-Mars has something of the same idea. He writes of an edifice;—"the obedient stone seems to have bent under the finger of the architect; it appears, as it were, petrified according to the caprices of his imagination. It seems a fugitive thought, a brilliant reverie, suddenly corporealized; it is a dream realized."